1493. h. 14.

PRO-PINCHBECK's

ANSWER to the ODE

From the AUTHOR of the

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

Sir *WILLIAM CHAMBERS.*

Solve ſeneſcentem maturè ſanus equum. HORAT.

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MDCCLXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 JUN 60

TO

Malcolm M'Greggor, Esq;

'SQUIRE MALCOLM,

AT the time I lay my Stanzas at your feet, will you pardon my boldneſs in begging your acceptance of a pair of the Patent Snuffers? It is true, that in mixing the metal, of which they are compoſed, Mr. Pinchbeck has ventured to depart a little from your inſtructions; neither Braſs or Lead conſtitute any part of either his Snuffers or Extinguiſhers: and in this perhaps you are more obliged to him than you are aware of; for, ſhould a very great conſumption of the firſt ingredient ſo far enhance its value as to make people ſparing in their uſe of it, one more reaſon would be added to thoſe you lately advanced for keeping your face in *petto*—As to the latter, your demand for it will be ſo great, ſhould you perſiſt

in your preſent ſyſtem of Ode-writing, that you will ſcarce leave a Female Friend of your's enough for her next Political Rhapſody. On theſe accounts, therefore, he begs me to tell you, that he reſigns all his intereſt in Sir John Dalrymple's face, and Dr. T----'s Leaden ſtandiſh---"There be figures in all things," Capt. Fluellen ſays---May I then preſume ſo far as to adviſe you, that when you have made a *literal* uſe of my preſent, you would not altogether decline its **metaphoric aid* to trim the dim and glimmering taper of your Wit, which (as you are pleaſed to ſay of that of the State) in my opinion begins to *burn a little blue?*

I am

(quocumque nomine gaudes---*Marcelle*, *Malcolm*, or *M'Greggor*)

With all due Reſpect,

Your's,

THE AUTHOR.

* *Vid.* the 'Squire's Ode, 12th Stanza.

PRO-PINCHBECK's

ANSWER, &c.

I.

HE * who of late a Bard and 'Squire,
With careleſs ſtrains and looſe-ſtrung lyre,
In Gardens deign'd to ſport, †
Now bids adieu to Kien-long, ‡
To wield the § thunder of his ſong
At Britain's venal Court.

* I who of late Sir William's Bard and 'Squire--- *Heroic poſt.*

† 'Tis but to try his ſtrength that now he ſports
With Chineſe gardens, and with Chineſe ſports. *Ibid.*

‡ Kien-long, a Chineſe Emperor, mention'd by 'Squire *Malcolm* in the *Heroic Poſtſcript.*

§ The thunder of the ſong. *Heroic poſt.*

II.

Sad were the ling'ring hours which fill'd
The dire ſuſpence, while horror chill'd
  Each penſion'd miſcreant's heart!---
The bolt is hurl'd---in vain their fears;
The deep-ton'd § thunder cheats their ears,
  And dwindles to a f---t.

III.

He comes! exulting Almon cry'd,
He comes! Say's Patriot page reply'd,
  Some mighty theme to handle---
When, lo! (tho' Phœbus mourn'd the hours
So idly ſpent in China's Bowers)
  He comes---and ſnuffs a candle.

IV.

Hark!---'tis the marble * Beckford's groan;
He trembles from his inmoſt ſtone---
  ---And e'en Sir Joſeph weepeth:

Mirrour

§ Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
Shall ſtrike with Truth's dread bolt each miſcreant's name. *Heroic poſt.*

* Faber incertus ſcamnum faceretne *Priapum.*
Maluit eſſe Deum. *Hor.*

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Mirrour of Knighthood! dry thine eye,
Marcellus † *was not born to die*,
Peradventure now he ſleepeth.

V.

Homer of old, each ſchool-boy knows,
Reſtor'd his vigor by a doze,
Then mouth'd out Greek like thunder---
If, vanquiſh'd by the Leaden God,
Marcellus too ſhould deign to nod,
Pray tell me, where's the wonder?

VI.

Ah---now methinks I ſee his head
In ſmiling ſlumbers fondly laid,
‡ In Kate M'Aulay's lap;
And while ſhe ſings a lullaby,
The hoary Willſon *turns him dry*,
And Sawbridge makes his pap.

While

† Your young Marcellus was not born to die. *Heroic poſt.*
N. B. *Marcellus* is Latin for *Malcolm M'Greggor.*

‡ The Muſe ſhall nurſe him. *Heroic poſt.*

VII.

While Peleus' ſon, as yet a boy,
Hung like a meteor over Troy,
  His Dry-nurſe was old Chiron;
A lion's marrow was his pap;
His cradle, no fair Lady's lap,
  But ſhield of braſs or iron.

VIII.

Thus nurs'd, thus fed, on Xanthus' ſide,
When he the Trojan bands defy'd,
  What mortal dar'd reſiſt him?
At ſight of ſuch a furious elf,
Had he been there, Sir Joſeph's ſelf
  Again might have bep--ſt him.

IX.

Then ſay, Britannia's Genius! ſay,
Shall little *Marcy* ne'er repay
  Nurſe Kitty's tender cares?
When Price's patriot page grows ſtale,
Shall *Marcy*'s labours ne'er regale
  The learned Saxby's ears?

They

X.

They ſhall---for to his waking ſoul
The ſcroll of Time I now unroll,
And gild his infant dreams:
Fair Freedom's box---the golden meed---
To wights of high renown decreed,
E'en now before him gleams.

XI.

By Fancy plac'd in velvet chair,
Aſide the City's mighty May'r,
He now begins the ſong;
Enchanted by the magic ſound,
With ears * erect, the herd around
In ſacred ſilence throng †.

XII.

And firſt in lofty verſe he ſings
The fate of thoſe deluded Kings, ‡
Whom Freedom's ſons withſtood:---

* Arrectis auribus adſtant. *Virg.*

† Sacro digna ſilentio. *Hor.*

‡ Pugnas & *exactos* Tyrannos. *Hor.*

Such animating ſtrains he pour'd,
That even A---n draws his ſword,
And calls aloud for blood.

XIII.

But mark the change to ſolemn ſounds---
---Now Liberty lies pierc'd with wounds
Beneath the Tyrant's ſpear.---
What voice of woe! Sir Watkin moans,---
---Gog anſwers Magog with his groans---
E'en Croſby ſheds a tear.---

XIV.

Next Wilkes, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw,
He ſings, oppreſt by tyrant Law,---
The proſtrate croud adore him.
Ah! what were Orpheus' ſtrains to theſe,
Tho' Bears, Wolves, Aſſes, Stones and Trees, §
Danc'd, fawn'd, and crouch'd before him!

XV.

His Fancy then ſees Sawbridge riſe,
The Cynoſure * of patriot eyes;
And lo! what wild impatience!

To

§ Lenibat Tigres rabidoſque Leones. *Hor.*

* Cynoſure;——a hard word, borrowed from the Heroic Epiſtle.

To catch the ſounds with Freedom fill'd,
Sounds---whoſe bright eſſence was diſtill'd
From Kitty's Lucubrations.

XVI.

" Great Poet, thanks! whoſe magic theme
" Has rouz'd the patriotic flame:
" Hail, ſcenes of Glory! Hail!
" On yonder beam of light I ſee
" The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty,
" I know her by her tail--- *

XVII.

" ---Expos'd and bare as when ſhe's wont
" On Allegany's hills to hunt;
" Or when, o'er bogs and ditches,
" On heaths around thy native home,
" Thyſelf, Great Bard, haſt deign'd to roam,
" Unſhackled yet by Breeches.

" From

* Inceſſu *patuit* Dea. *Virg.*

XVIII.

" From wilds which ſkirt Ontario's floods,
" From Niagara's howling woods,
" Again ſhe ſeeks the plains
" She fled---when Kings reſum'd the rod,
" And Royal Pomp inſulting trod
" On Cromwell's bleſt remains.

XIX.

" In vain they trample on her cauſe,
" In vain have tyrant Cuſtom's laws
" Her wayward frolics bounded ;
" She comes, and in her van appear
" Unbridled ſports, and in her rear
" Confuſion worſe confounded."

XX.

He ſpoke----loud Pæans rend the air,
Which, vibrating on Fancy's ear,
Rouſe Marcy from his nap ;
He ſtares, and finds theſe things but ſeem,
That all as yet is but a dream---
In Kitty's downy lap.

THE END.